

TRACER

SPEARHEAD OF OFFENSE



The Dundurn Training Area Magazine

December, 1942 ♦ ♦ ♦ Price, 10 Cents

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6 p.m. to 9 p.m.

RECCE

Official Publication of the Dundurn Training Area

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Volume 1

Camp Dundurn, Sask., Canada

Number 1

“ . . and Through the Darkest Clouds ”

Once again we approach the Christmas season, and even though we still find ourselves beset on all sides by the forces of Axis aggression, still, for the first year in four, we can discern through the clouds that ray of sunshine that bespeaks the end of the storm. One cannot help but think, that this year when all free peoples, and those still held under the heel of the oppressor, ponder the yuletide message of “Peace on Earth, Goodwill Towards Men,” that now, more than at any other time, this tired old world can approach this attainment.

Let us, for a moment, review our reasons for optimism. In Russia, the Nazi and his satellite powers are receiving sledge-hammer blows from a courageous and stubborn army of people who love their land. All along the 2,000 miles of battle front, the tide of battle is swinging slowly, but nevertheless surely, in their favour, and the reasons why they are calling for a second front are daily becoming more evident. Premier Stalin, in his recent anniversary day message to the people of the Soviet, stated that at the present time Germany has 179 out of her total of 256 divisions on the Russian front; and to these must be added the 61 divisions of her satellite powers. In all, these 240 divisions represent an army of nearly five million fighting men. However, another winter has set in across the Russian steppes, and once more the flower of Germany’s manhood must fight not only the Russians, but also Nature in her most savage mood.

In Africa, the British and Americans with the Fighting French are pressing forward rapidly, and by the turn of the year this potential spring-board to a

Dept. of National Defence ARMY

Headquarters, M.D. No. 12,
Regina, Sask.,
Dec. 3rd, 1942.

The Editor, “Recce,”
Dundurn Training Area,
Dundurn, Sask.
Dear Sir:

It is with great interest that I see Dundurn Training Centre starting a “Recce” magazine. It will help to make Dundurn the centre of Recce Units by keeping everyone informed regarding things that are going on in the Recce world. It will also create esprit-de-corps and good understanding which will tend to make the Recce Centre and Units a family.

Wishing you every success.

Sincerely yours,
G. A. H. TRUDEAU,
Brigadier,
D.O.C., M.D. No. 12.

second front should be in our hands. This victory, besides giving a bridgehead to the weakest part of the Axis-controlled European mainland, also brings us another cause for cheer. By our new control of the Mediterranean, ships which formerly had to make the long haul around the Cape of Good Hope, can now reach the Middle East and Far East through this inland sea, thereby releasing much needed shipping space.

In the Pacific, the brilliant naval victory in the waters adjacent to the Solomons, in which the enemy lost 28 warships, including two battleships, has favourably altered the balance of naval power, and with our ever-increasing rate of replacement this margin of strength will grow steadily in our favour. Step by step, Allied fighting men in the sky, on the land, and on the sea, are gaining back the stepping stones which will some day soon lead to the front doorstep of the so-called “Son of Heaven.”

Yes, it is with ever-increasing confidence that we can look forward to the future; but in this confidence we can also make a very grave mistake. In other words, if we allow ourselves to become complacent, all we succeed in doing is stretching out the time before the day of victory, and thereby sacrificing the lives of countless men. So, while we are enjoying this festive season, let one of our New Year’s resolutions be “That I will give my utmost, and then a little more until the task is completed.”

To every reader of this, the first issue of “Recce,” we offer our most sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Victorious New Year!



Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Macdonald, M.C.

MEET YOUR NEW AREA COMMANDANT

Shortly after midnight, on a frosty night, just after the turn of the year '18, in a village on the Aveon front, near Lens, a scout patrol of four men and a lieutenant (who should have been in the Orderly Room) stumbled into the middle of three large raiding parties of Germans, out for information and prisoners. Although heavily outnumbered and armed only with revolvers and hand grenades, they immediately gave battle. When the action had died down the enemy had fled; and when the Lieut. made his report to the C.O. he was given a dressing down on two counts: First, for not being on duty in the Orderly Room, and secondly, for not having the C.O. awakened with a show going on. However, after the C.O. had cooled down, he saw fit to recommend this officer for conspicuous bravery, and not long after the Military Cross, one of the high awards the Army can offer, was pinned on the tunic of this young officer. His name is still the same, but his title is in keeping with his military ability. He is your new Area Commandant, Lt.-Col. J. A. Macdonald, M.C.—five foot eleven inches and one hundred and ninety-eight pounds of solid soldier.

Born the last day in 1895 at Pitscotty, Fifeshire County, Scotland, he came to Canada with his parents in 1901 and settled down in the DeWinton district of Alberta, some eighteen-odd miles south of Calgary. He attended public school in this district, but took his collegiate course at Victoria, B.C., after which he entered the Agricultural College of Alberta. In 1915 he enlisted in the ranks with the 50th Battalion, now the 14th Army Tank Regt. (the Calgary Regiment), and saw action in the scout section of that unit at Ypres, Somme, Vimy

Ridge, and many other famous battle sectors. In April of '17 he was awarded his commission. After the armistice, his unit stayed on in Belgium until the spring of '19, and he finally returned home in June of that same year.

Being a confirmed Westerner, he once more settled down in his home district of DeWinton and farmed under the Soldiers' Settlement Board. For the first two years he maintained his connection with his unit, then he formed Bd. Squadron 15th C.L.H. In 1928 he went to work for the Soldiers' Settlement Board as Field Supervisor and Land Evaluator, and due to the press of business, he resigned from his unit and went on the reserve.

In 1939, at the outbreak of hostilities, he took over the Headquarters Squadron 15th C.L.H., and in August of '40 went active as Company Commander of the Edmonton Fusiliers (infantry). This company was originally formed from the 15th C.L.H. (cavalry) and the Calgary Regt. (tank). When the Calgary Regiment was mobilized as the 14th Army Tank Bn. he went as 2 i/c. of the battalion. It left Calgary on the 17th of March '41 and proceeded to Borden. From here, on the 4th of April, the 2 i/c. went Overseas as an attachment to a British tank unit. In July he was joined by his battalion and they took up quarters in tents on the Salisbury Plains. It is interesting to note that the Calgary Regiment was the only Canadian unit to be given an operational role just seven months after mobilization.

By the 27th of March '42, he was once more back in Canada and took command of A-28 C.A.C.T.C. (tank training), and on the 8th of May was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. A-28 was organized here at Dundurn; then on the 27th of June, the bulk of the unit moved to Borden. But it wasn't long until "The Colonel" was once more on the move. On the 18th of July he arrived back in Dundurn to command A-27 C.A.C.T.C. (Recce) and on the 6th of November he took over, in addition, the duties of Area Commandant.

In private life he is the father of four children, three girls and one boy. The boy is now a Flying Officer in the R.C.A.F., although he originally enlisted in the Calgary Highlanders. The eldest daughter is married and has made "The Colonel" the youngest-looking grandfather in the service. The two younger daughters are attending school in Saskatoon. It is rather interesting to note that the Colonel married six weeks after his return from the first Great War. Maybe we should ask him for the formula, such speed in matrimony after a war is over being quite a rarity. His athletic frame tells of a knowledge of boxing and football learned in his younger days. His hobby is reading, and with the present size of K.R. (Canada) it is a very useful hobby to have.

This then, men and women, is your new Area Commandant, a man of great human understanding, a man who knows the trials and tribulations of those in the ranks from his own experience—and also a man of great knowledge in matters military.

May every success attend him in his new post.

Message From Area Commandant

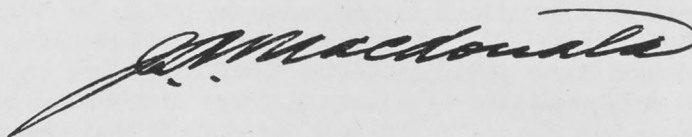
Department of National Defence
ARMY

Dundurn Training Area,
Dundurn, Sask., 1 Dec., 1942.

An essential of successful reconnaissance is speed in thought and action. Our editorial staff and management have excelled in both in carrying out the production of the first issue of "RECCE," our Dundurn Camp magazine. It has been truly amazing what they have accomplished in the few short weeks after my rather feebly expressed desire for such a magazine. As it goes to press they can join with Mr. Churchill in saying, "this is not the end, not even the beginning of the end, but only the end of the beginning." I feel confident that this first issue will prove to be "only the end of the beginning" of their labours and that the future of "RECCE" will be as long as the war itself.

The thanks and gratitude of all are extended to Major Rose, Mr. Price, Mr. Rousseau, Tpr. Conduit and the other fellows who have worked so hard to produce this first-class magazine. As time goes on and other issues appear, we will be provided with amusement and news of our own camp doings. I hope it will in addition serve to keep us in touch with the fine fellows who come to us from all parts of Canada to imbibe at the font of knowledge on Recce matters, at A-27, and pass along to all the Recce units in our armies in Canada and Overseas. It is my hope that it will serve as a link between these units and their training centre.

As the forces of the United Nations gather into a great overpowering wave which will soon sweep all before it, the need for highly trained Reconnaissance units will become increasingly urgent and important. There is therefore a big job to do right here in Dundurn—Canada's only Reconnaissance training centre. Let us all realize that no matter what our particular job may be, all are essential and important and necessary cogs in the machinery which cannot operate smoothly with poor cogs. If we are prevented from getting a direct crack at our enemies, we can be consoled by the knowledge that we can at least take a long distance poke at him by doing well at our jobs here. Doing them with energy and thoroughness. So let's put our shoulders to the wheel—or at least our best foot on the starter and get things rolling. Here's to good scouting and a sincere wish to all for a Merry Christmas and Victorious New Year!



Lieutenant-Colonel,
Commandant, Dundurn Training Area.

WHAT IS RECCE?

By Captain D. P. Stewart



Captain D. P. Stewart

The author of this article, Captain D. P. Stewart, O.C. of the D. & M. Wing, was born and brought up in Toronto, schooled at Appelby School and McGill University. In peace time was a member of the Toronto Scottish with the rank of Captain. When regiment mobilized on the 26th of August '39, he went active. Trained at the Exhibition Grounds in Toronto and went Overseas, after reverting back to rank of Lieut., in December of the same year. In January of '40 went to Div. Staff and stayed until July of that year. Appointed I.O. at Corps H.Q. and stayed until September. Returned to his unit and was posted to Recce troop in the Tor. Scottish. Recce troop was part of the formation of the 8th Recce in March of '41. Was promoted to Captain and started in as I.O. of the 8th Recce, subsequently 2 i/c. of one of the squadrons. Served as Adjutant for a few months and made Squadron Leader in Sept. '41. Returned to Canada in March of '42 and proceeded to Borden where he was posted to Recce Wing at A-9. When Recce came to Dundee he was appointed O.C. of the D. & M. Wing.

* * *

To the uninitiated Recce is the official military abbreviation for Reconnaissance. But to those who know and belong, Recce stands for the ambition of all who want the first whack at the Axis. In this instance Recce is the succinct title for a Divisional Reconnaissance Regiment, one of the newest branches of the Service in the Canadian Mechanized Army.

In England where Recce was born, those fortunate ones chosen for a place in one of these new and exciting units soon felt a justifiable pride in the part they were to play in the great effort. Few arms could

boast the spirit so quickly instilled in its members—Recce was tops. As someone most aptly summed it up when referring to Recce, "The eyes of the Divisional Commander."

Labour Pains

The programme of mechanizing the Divisional Cavalry, commenced in 1936, had made but little progress when the Second Great War broke out. Britain's political leaders refused to loosen the purse strings for A.F.V.'s until too late for the battle of France. The B.E.F. was severely handicapped by the lack of divisional cavalry (mechanized) and the services of this highly important arm were not available except in all too few cases.

During the re-organization of the army following Dunkirk, one factor was definitely uppermost, one factor so forcibly brought home by the modern German blitzkrieg and so efficiently executed by the German machine. This factor was, of course, our urgent need of armoured divisions. To this end, the division cavalry regiments were withdrawn from infantry divisions to take their places as armoured regiments and armoured car regiments in new armoured divisions. Regulars and Yeomanry alike, all were rushed to fill this wide open gap in the army so seriously depleted.

To return to our history, the infantry divisions now had to look elsewhere for their mobile troops. Their need was almost as urgent as their faster rolling counterparts. In August, 1940, Lieut.-Gen. MacNaughton introduced to the Canadian Army Overseas the Recce squadron on the basis of one to an infantry brigade. These units were found from all infantry battalions Overseas, equipped with Indian combination motorcycles (made in U.S.A. for French Army but seized before delivery) mounting Bren guns, and trained temporarily as division cavalry. Towards the close of that year the invasion threat lessened and it was then possible to consider the matter more fully. New organization was put into gear and January, 1941, found the new divisional Recce battalions being formed from the original brigade Recce squadrons. Conforming with the policy of perpetuating N.P.A.M. units in the Active Army, these Recce battalions were included in the Canadian Armoured

Corps, numbered by seniority in the militia list, and re-inforced by N.P.A.M. cavalry regiments. It should be pointed out here that at this time no Canadian cavalry had been mobilized for despatch Overseas. Thus Recce was adopted by the C.A.C. and took its place as a recognized arm of the service. The British Army meanwhile was unable to adopt the same system for obvious reasons. They formed a Recce Corps in its own right but from the only source available, namely the infantry. Thus their W.E., titled a divisional Recce battalion, and one that the Canadian Army followed pending the issue of their own. Cavalry personnel naturally disliked the designation "battalion" and eventually the Canadian Recce units were allowed the cavalry nomenclature throughout. So at long last the infantry divisions obtained their division cavalry but under a new title and with a more comprehensive role to fill.

Employment

A comparison of Recce training with the manual Cavalry Training (1937) shows clearly that the role is that previously handled by the division cavalry with certain additional commitments for which the establishment has been designed with the object of providing suitable equipment and organization. Generally speaking, to the usual assignments made to the division cavalry was added:

- (a) To maintain contact during advance or pursuit;
- (b) Protection during advance or withdrawal on front, flanks or rear;
- (c) To form mobile reserve;
- (d) To use in defence hunting and destruction of small bodies of enemy armoured and mobile troops which may succeed in effecting infiltration;
- (e) To deal with enemy paratroopers or airborne troops;
- (f) Co-operation with other arms such as army tanks, division artillery, divisional machine-gun battalion, anti-aircraft squadrons, divisional engineers.

A quick glance at these duties will produce the realization that a Recce man must be thoroughly trained in a good many subjects.

The trained soldier in a Recce regiment must be able to drive and maintain all types of vehicles, use in a proficient manner a wide variety of modern weapons, read maps and follow routes in all weather, observe and memorize terrain, estimate and report strength and composition of enemy forces, know the

organization of his own and the enemy forces, plus being able to fight at all hours and often on meagre rations. The N.C.O., in addition to the above, must have thinking ability, leadership and the knack of taking responsibility without warning.

Organization

A Recce regiment is composed of a regimental H.Q., a H.Q. squadron and three Recce squadrons. The H.Q. squadron is largely administrative but is also the holding unit for the signals troop and the supporting arms within the unit, namely the anti-aircraft troop, the anti-tank troop, and the mortar troop. These troops are usually held in reserve and are available as additional support as required by the Recce squadrons either in whole or in part.

The Recce squadron is made up of squadron H.Q., three scout troops each of a patrol section of light armoured cars and two carrier sections. In addition to the scout troops, each squadron has an assault troop. The assault troop is simply motorized infantry, highly armed and capable of sustained physical effort. They are the ones who are called up to storm an enemy strongpoint or capture a river crossing, and generally remove obstacles that are holding up the forward patrols. In their spare time, these energetic people are supposed to render demolition treatment to bridges and other structures calculated to create despair and despondency within the enemy breast.

During a "scheme" in England which involved no less than four divisions, the resourcefulness of a Sergeant in command of a carrier section was a typical example of what a Recce N.C.O. is likely to encounter—and with which he is expected to be able to deal. His troop had flanked the enemy advance and was ordered to feel out their lines of communication. The Sergeant's section worked in from the flank and eventually occupied a small village. No enemy activity was seen. Almost immediately a patrol reported the approach of a small enemy column from the rear. The Sergeant decided to ambush the party in the village and sent his D.R. (allotted him in lieu of wireless) back to the troop for assistance. The enemy patrol was successfully ambushed from lanes in the narrow winding village street. So quietly and thoroughly was this done that in a few minutes, the main body consisting of a brigade H.Q. in staff cars and

lorries was cut off on all sides and forced to surrender under the combined menace of Brens, rifles and grenades of three carrier crews who were by this time sited in most advantageous positions to command the street. Later when the balance of the troop arrived as reinforcements, they found the situation well in hand and a very disgruntled Brigadier being obliged to give up his marked maps and documents.

Information gained for this miniature engagement quickly relayed to the Divisional Commander made possible a surprise attack on the enemy positions that night and the umpires ruled the "enemy" brigade

completely demoralized and defeated.

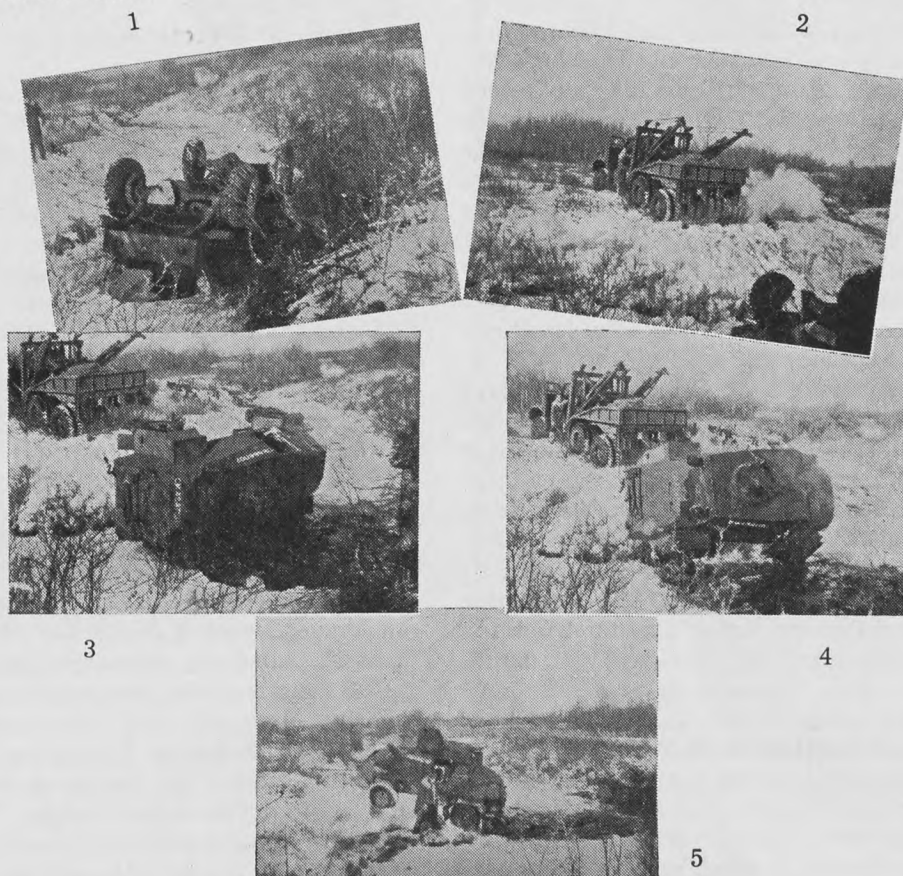
Practical Experience

Little publicity to date has appeared concerning Recce participation in actual combat. However, the vehicles and equipment and firepower that is represented in a Recce regiment has provided the divisional commander with an extremely hard-hitting mobile force that can travel anywhere quickly and do a hard job of work. Recce will not fail when the hour comes—the will to earn their spurs,—the right to their own self-imposed importance, will carry through in the tradition of the British Army.

A Practical Lesson In "Debogging"

An "Otter I" recently provided the D. & M. Wing with an excellent example of how a recovery lorry should be used.

The A.R.C., driven by a student under instruction, skidded on the icy road, got out of control and rolled down the steep bank of a stream, ending up with all four wheels uppermost and the top immersed in the water. Fortunately the occupants were not hurt and escaped with nothing more serious than a shaking up and a very chilling wetting. The accompanying pictures show:



- 1—The car sticking up through the ice on the stream.
- 2—The recovery vehicle with cables attached, commences pulling.
- 3—Out of the water onto its side.
- 4—The "Otter" regaining its feet.
- 5—Ready to be towed up the other side of the stream where the bank was less precipitous.

Damage to the vehicle was slight being principally loss of engine oil and battery electrolyte. De-icing, however, required 24 hours in a heated hangar.

DUNDURN-1928-1942

By Major W. Ashfield, 40th Reserve Brigade

Compared with other military camps in this Dominion, the days of Dundurn are few. Just 14 years ago, this rolling stretch of prairie land was acquired to be used as a training camp for the Non Permanent Active Militia (N.P.A.M.), in Military District No. 12.

Previous to that time, units of our civilian army, had carried out training during the winter months, and in some cases had gone under canvas for short periods of 10 days in small regimental camps, at such places as Moosomin, Regina Beach, Whitebear Lake, Lloydminster, Prince Albert, and Estevan.

From many angles, the desirability of concentrating these units, in one central camp, for annual training became more and more apparent. After considerable reconnaissance of available space, Dundurn was finally chosen. It had those requisites necessary for a military camp; sandy soil, good drainage and a splendid tactical topography. In 1928 the first troop trains rolled into Dundurn station, disgorging their martial freight onto the platform at approximately 5 ack emma on a rather chilly July morning. The erstwhile soldiers who had left their city desks, places of business, farms, etc., looked out in bewilderment. Few had ever heard of Dundurn, and this was it—a quiet, sleepy village in Northern Saskatchewan.

A few of the natives were on hand to greet the arrivals, and the troops plied them with questions, the most common being, "Where's the camp?" "How far is it?" and "Do we ride or walk?"

A few hay racks had been requisitioned to transport the Ordnance supplies and the odd motor truck for regimental baggage was on hand. No spur line was in evidence from the village to the camp in those days and question number three was soon answered as the troops received the order to fall in and move off in full marching order. With a feeling of emptiness in that part of the anatomy which loves to toy with beef steaks, bacon and eggs and the like, they moved off in column of route—five miles to breakfast.

Arriving at the camp site they found a few tents had already been pitched and from some of these emanated a delicious odor of frying bacon, a clatter of plates and eating utensils and a raucous voice inform-

ing all and sundry, "Soup's on, come and get it!"

There was not time to take in the surroundings until after breakfast, and then there was not much to see. Except for a few ablution tables, fed from two water tanks elevated on a platform and some of those architectural abortions of the Queen Anne plumbing period, so necessary in camps of this kind, the prairie was undisturbed.

The camp proved a success and the following year larger numbers and more units were brought to Dundurn to train for an emergency which at that time seemed beyond the realms of possibility.

In 1930 a survey party mapped the area to produce a gridded map 1/25000 and this map is the one used today. These were pre-jeep days and this topography survey party moved around the area in a second-hand Oldsmobile sedan purchased for their purpose by authority of N.D.H.Q. at the extravagant sum of \$315.00.

Came the depression, and financial worries. The Department of National Defence came in for its share of retrenchment with the result that Dundurn was abandoned in 1931 as there did not appear to be funds for annual training. In 1932 it was decided to train a few officers and N.C.O.s from each unit. In 1933 the number was increased and in succeeding years continued to increase until a fair percentage were permitted to train.

It was in the year 1933 that a policy which has had a great bearing on Dundurn as a camp was adopted by the Dominion Government of that day. This was the establishment of an unemployment camp for single men at Dundurn. Men who lacked gainful employment, due to economic conditions at that time, were housed at Dundurn Camp, and as their numbers grew, buildings were erected to accommodate them. This building scheme was known as Project 44, and the greater part of the building, in the Main Camp at Dundurn, was carried out by these unemployed men under the direction of the staff of M.D. No. 12. The cement tile of which many buildings in Dundurn are constructed was moulded right in the camp. Roads were built, sewage and water mains laid and a general program of construction was carried out.

While this transformation was taking place, the N.P.A.M. continued to train annually in the tent camp just south of the main road. Tactical schemes which visioned the mobile warfare of today, sent these erstwhile soldiers out into the far reaches of the tactical area. Days of foot slogging under the broiling sun and cool nights spent in bivouac, reclining on the bosom of the "Three Sisters" (map reference 797645) made Dundurn more than a camp—it became part of these men, who, year after year gave up the pleasures of a summer vacation with their families, to do a spot of soldiering in preparation for an emergency which might (and did) arise.

Came the war, just after camp training had been completed in the year 1939 and from that time on Dundurn has seen units come and go. Changes were made to the camp which are military secrets and cannot be described in this short preamble. You, who live here, see it as it is today; not the largest by any means, but one of the finest training camps in this Dominion.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

FROM THE OFFICE OF
THE PREMIER

Regina, Sask.,
Dec. 7th, 1942.

Sir:

I am very pleased to have the opportunity of extending a message of Christmas Greetings to the Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men in training at Dundurn. Coming from many parts of Canada it is probable that many of those at Dundurn will not have an opportunity of enjoying the Christmas season at home with relatives and friends. They will appreciate, however, that the service for which they have volunteered is of such tremendous importance that for the time personal considerations have to be disregarded. I am sure, however, that those in charge of the Training Area will do everything possible to make Christmas and New Years as cheerful as possible.

Those who have an opportunity of visiting their homes will, I know, be warmly welcomed and will I trust thoroughly enjoy the brief respite from training.

To all at the Camp I wish the very best for Christmas and the New Year.

W. J. PATTERSON,
Premier.



The Nursing Staff at D.M.H.

THE NURSING SERVICE

By Matron K. McLean

As it is a privilege to care for the patients of the Recce units in the Camp Hospital here, so it is an honour to be asked to write in the first issue of the Camp Magazine.

Military nursing is different in many ways from civilian nursing. It is fitting to say a brief word regarding the work and training of the Nursing Sister. On admission to the army she is given a course of instruction in military organization, military law, map reading, gas training and other subjects necessary in her work. On the completion of these courses, she is given an examination, and if successful, is qualified as a Nursing Sister.

Perhaps patients who have been in military hospitals have wondered why they did not see the sisters more often. In most cases she has so many patients that it is impossible for her to give individual attention to the convalescent cases.

Nurses in M.D. No. 12 look forward to being posted to Dundurn Military Hospital as it seems the beginning of true army life. They enjoy taking part in social activities and sports in the camp. Another and more important reason is that the hospital here is one of the best military hospitals in Canada and working on the staff is quite a pleasure.

In June of this year the establishment was increased and the Nursing Sister In Charge was promoted to the rank of Acting Matron. Miss E. Andrews, graduate of Saskatoon City Hospital, now Overseas with No. 8 Canadian General Hospital had not

only the honour of being first matron at Dundurn, but the first in M.D. No. 12.

At the present time there are six on the staff, a Matron and five Nursing Sisters. They are as follows: Matron Miss Katherine McLean, graduate of Ottawa Civic Hospital and School for Graduate Nurses, McGill University; Miss E. Harrison, graduate of Moose Jaw General Hospital; Miss Eileen Myers, graduate of Toronto Sick Children's Hospital; Miss Muriel Collins, graduate of Toronto General Hospital; Miss Alice Smith, graduate of Queen Victoria Hospital, Yorkton; Miss Eva Powell, graduate of Moose Jaw General Hospital, who has come recently as a replacement for Nursing Sister Sloan, who is at present a patient in the Regina General Hospital.

A-27 Orderly Room Chatter

Meet the Staff Dept.

R.S.M. Carnie, can be heard administering an oath, "Do you swear not to tell the truth, a hole in the truth, and nothing of the truth, so help you!" Q.M.S. Cole, the busiest man in the place, seldom smiles—and boy!—does he make a lot of noise. S/Sgt. Isaacs and his favourite expression, "Stupid"—mechanically inclined, a story has it that he has tried to take apart his nose to see what makes it run. Stupid, isn't it? Cpl. Hill tells us that the difference between a spider and a fly, is that you cannot zip a spider. Just like him. Sgt. Shaw was seen walking down the street in Winnipeg with a suit of clothes over his arm, looking for the Free Press. Cpl. Siganski can't seem to keep his mind on his work. Could it be some attraction in Saskatoon?

Winchelling Dept.

We understand a certain well-known officer is playing "godfather" to a thriving family of "canines," hatched under his bed one memorable night recently. The most prominent order of dress on church parade on the 27 inst. seemed to be "frosted lugs and snoots." We always knew Major Beesley's "sole" was bad, but we didn't think it was bad enough to leave him completely on his way through the Orderly Room.

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Wacky Wireless Notes

By Dit and Dah

Those We Will Remember:

Going through the originals of the Wireless Wing, we take time out to remember our good friend and a swell guy, Cpl. Ray Smith, better known around the camp as Smitty, who passed away at D.M.H. on Sept. 3, 1942. Doug. Munro was the boy who thought he would rather drift through space than send out dit dahs. He is now completing his training at Fort Harrison, Montana, with the U.S. Paratroopers. Good luck to you, Doug! The electrical wizard of our wing has left us for greener fields beyond. Guess he did not appreciate the humdrum life we live over here in this happy little place we call home. And then our pretty little milk-maid threatened to leave for Overseas but only got as far as Regina. Seems as how she was slightly under age — don't worry, Gibby, we'll keep the secret. But now to our sorrow we hear that she is going to leave us again and latest reports have it that she is going to Ste. Anne de Bellevue in Quebec to take a N.C.O.s course. We all wish her the best of luck. Better watch out for the Flying Frenchmen, Gibby! Then the Three Rivers Regt., 12th Army Tank Bn., couldn't get along without our Sgt/Major and he was recalled, leaving behind his pretty bride of three weeks. Chin up, Cpl. Sawyer, the day will come soon when you two will be together again. We all wish the Sgt/Major the very best of luck!

Social and Not Too Personal:

What's this we hear about one of our Cpl's. inquiring after the price of engagement rings. We think he should have stayed here instead of going on furlough, and also, we wish he would go to sleep at nights instead of telling us about his love affairs. Try counting sheep the next time Cpl. Clark. And then there is the certain S/Sgt. that has been mooning around the wing ever since a certain switchboard operator went away. We hear from latest reports that he has lost another hair, ever try Fitch's Staff? What Lieut. of our illustrious wing is slowly going grey when every Thursday rolls around. It couldn't be that the syl-

labus has to be made out that day could it Mr. Potter? Cigars were passed around the other day by our new Q.M.S. when he and the Mrs. announced the birth of a bouncing baby boy. Congrats are in order to Sgt/Major and Mrs. Weaver and we did enjoy those Mexican El Ropos. Our first new recruit at the wing, W001½ Pte. Napper Skippy Recce, is now almost house-broken, thanks to Cpl. Elniski, who has been getting up before breakfast every morning to make a "Recce" of the wing for the purpose of you know what. Nice going, Napper, we're all for you. What old man in the Wireless Wing has been taking the younger generation out for running exercise the last period every day, and then coming in the next morning and telling everybody how good he feels. We don't think he sounds very convincing and if you don't believe us, you should see him at 0600 hours.

Still Not Too Personal—We Hope:

Anybody interested in a good argument should apply to the editors of this page as they are well up on arguing after proving to the Western boys how much better it is to live "down East"? Try visiting Hut 4-I just after supper parade any evening and bring your shootin' irons. Why is it that Cpl. Martin of our wing has had a sudden interest in elevators lately? We thought he was air-sick, but when last seen, he was passing the fifth floor on a certain elevator in one of Saskatoon's better known hotels. Are you listening, Corporal? We hear from latest reports that S/Sgt. Sweete has lost quite a few pounds from parts of his anatomy and added a few more elsewhere, thanks to the wing stores acquiring skis last week. When last seen, the Staff was trying out a new system of skiing. The skis were in the air and the Staff was sliding on his — head. Fooled you, didn't we?

Well, all you guys and gals, guess that Dah and I will sign off for the present. Be sure to tune in our next column of "Wacky Wireless Notes."

To a Large Measure

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Dundurn Military Hospital News

By S/Sgt. E. R. Green

Few people know the history of the military hospital and the place it occupies in this area. So here are a few facts about the hospital and the various units which have been associated with it.

Upon mobilization in 1939, No. 10 Fld. Ambulance, R.C.A.M.C., under the command of Lt.-Col. B. C. Leech of Regina began operations here and formed a hospital staff to take charge. This unit was in charge till the 17th of June, 1940, when they moved Overseas. After that a skeleton staff formed from No. 12 Detachment, R.C.A.M.C., Regina, Sask., under Captain A. L. Swanton of Moose Jaw took over and carried on until Nov. 1st, 1940, when No. 8 Can. General Hospital mobilized and came to Dundurn to train and learn the operations of a military hospital. It was then that they took over, the Officer Commanding being Colonel H. G. Young of Moose Jaw. In February of '41 the unit Dundurn Military Hospital was formed and proceeded to Dundurn to take charge as an order had been received for No. 8 Can. General Hospital to be ready to leave at any time. The first O.C. was Captain J. T. MacDougall from Indian Head, who is now Overseas.

The present strength of the hospital is 80, of which 20 are members of the Canadian Women's Army Corps, who are doing an excellent job of filling in to release men for Overseas positions. The hospital is at present under the command of Major C. A. Findlay of Saskatoon, who has seen it grow in size and efficiently, as well as staff.

To many it may be interesting to know the staff which operates the various departments in the institution. To that end we have prepared a list of them and hope in an early issue to give you the rest of the people engaged in your hospital. Capt. A. L. Caldwell of Cabri, Sask., officer in charge of surgery; Captain A. F. Nichol of Saltcoats, medical officer; Captain J. T. Reid of St. John's, Quebec; Captain M. M. Pierce, Kam-sack, eye, ear, nose and throat specialist; Lt. J. E. Marshall of Regina, medical officer; Captain L. C. Hackling, Regina, chief radiologist; Sergeant Major J. F. Graham of Regina, Q.M.S. C. E. Ellery of Saskatoon, wardmaster; S/Sgt. E. R. Green of Regina, superintendent clerk; S/Sgt.

E. M. B. Bigelow of Moose Range, in charge of Q.M. stores; S/Sgt. H. B. Bewley, of Sintaluta, dispenser; Sgt. W. T. Roberts of Regina, in charge of steward stores; Sgt. W. E. Cooper of Moose Jaw, chief cook; Cpl. R. McCarthy of Swift Current, admitting room clerk; Pte. Blowfield, masseur and physio-therapy; Sgt. J. F. Gilbert, laboratory technician; Sgt. E. M. Redgwick of Prince Albert, x-ray technician.

A-27 C.A.C.T.C. Sergeants' Mess

We are all very sorry to have to part company with the group of Overseas boys who have been recalled to their units. Most of these boys returned from Overseas last April and were attached to Recce Wing, A-29, C.A.C. (A.) T.C. Soon after that they found themselves nicely planted in Dundurn, that unforgettable Sunday morning, July 12. Boy, what a trip! There have been some wonderful parties since, and we are only too sorry we were unable to give them the king of them all before they left, as a farewell and token of our friendship, but the paymaster was a little inconsiderate and didn't arrange for pay-day to arrive about a week sooner. Never mind, boys, we'll have it "over there" some day in the near future. Good luck, and bon voyage!

We think it a shame that a certain Staff Sergeant won't be here to see that a certain trooper gets his particular attention throughout his training. It seems that this trooper had been behaving in an altogether unsoldierlike manner, and the S/Sgt. took it upon himself to uplift the lad. By the time the man-to-man talk was over the S/Sgt. could see a new light in the trooper's eye. "Now," said the S/Sgt., "you may break off—and let me see you march off the parade square like a real soldier." Off marched the trooper, straight as an old Imperial—and that was the last seen of him for over two months, when he was brought back to camp under escort—and the next time the S/Sgt. sees that light in a man's eyes, he'll know it isn't the light of reformation.

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Yanks In The C.A.A.

By Sgt. Gibson, C.D.C.

Introductory

May we beg a column, please? Though our personnel of the C.D.C. are few, our fame is in a manner compensating, "we hope," in that most service men and women, fortunate in having been posted to our fair camp, visit with us sooner or later, some even voluntarily. Those with whom we have made a good impression invariably come back for more—teeth.

Personal Mention

This first mention is one of congratulations to our D.D.O., on his recent well deserved and popular promotion to Lt.-Col. Even as we go to press, Dan Cupid is closing in for the kill, on yet another of our ranks. Sincere blessings to you both, and take good care of Wilbur's dimples, Mrs. Hewitt!

Personnel Men—tion!

This current change of temperature will, we think, be appreciated by the chap who has been seen regularly standing on the corner of 21st Street and Third Avenue, while his flesh slowly turned to the colour of the undress uniform, and yet they say, that love is warm; or what of the gentleman seen recently mending a ski pole—could it be that his grip is too strong or was his fall none too graceful? We have not heard.

And what of our new Sgt/Major, —no, she is not with us now—from Cpl. to R.S.M. in two weeks, nice work if you can get it, and now that it has been noted that she has become familiar with the fluid etiquette of the Sgt.'s Mess we need only to wish her equal success with her other responsibilities—good luck, R.S.M. Farrell! Then there is the Sgt. who missed the early morning bus and boomeranged as he tried to slip past the C.O.'s chair. Anyway, he got his A trades badge.

Business

Who says the Dundurn Detachment, C.D.C., is not busy? Over 3,000 treatments in 50 days for one unit alone, not to mention corresponding service being rendered to other units. For the past two months at least 178 prosthetic restorations, including complete and par-

tial dentures, gold bridges and inlays, etc., have been turned out by our laboratory staff and inserted by the officer personnel.

Though we are ever envious of the combatant boys, our training is far from neglected and when drafted, C.D.C. personnel become trained soldiers in order that they too can do their share towards making the Japanese wheeze and the German squirm. To this end a short course in Bren gun and rifle is soon to be taken by the personnel of this detachment through the good offices of the camp Sgt/Major.

Notes From D.&M. Wrecking Wing

By Sgt. G. G. Orr

A-27 D. & M. Wing first started down East in (Canada) Camp Borden. The staff was just a small group of officers, N.C.O.s and men in the Recce Wing of A.9 C.A.C.T.C. numbering about 20, along with this staff we had approximately 25 vehicles. These numbers have expanded to 56 and 115 respectively.

This staff consists of some Overseas and H. W. E. officers, N.C.O.s and men. All of the return officers and N.C.O.s have been with the wing since it started.

In the past week three of our senior N.C.O.s were recalled back to their respective battalions. Namely, these N.C.O.s are: S.S.M. Frank Maulson, Sgt. K. T. Williams, and Sgt. J. H. Maxwell. These boys have gone back to their battalions Overseas. The recall of these fellows leaves our Overseas staff three short. However, we still have 10 or 12 of the battle patch boys here:

Capt. D. P. Stewart who claims the leadership of the wing, along with the able assistance of Capt. G. F. Cassidy as 2 i/c.

S/Sgt. Rempel fills the shoes of A/C.S.M.

S/Sgt. McPherson's robust form fills the south hangar as in charge.

S/Sgt. O'Brien with his ability as a carrier instructor, has a carrier troop to look after.

S/Sgt. Hamilton seemingly is the ski and P.T. expert, even though he has a lot of ups and downs. He says, "It's a lot of fun."

S.Q.M.S. Tommy Cook has charge of the north hangar. He is the Wing Q.M. and hangs out there, red hair and all.

Next in line comes our fair-haired, lady killer, Sgt. Bud Gamble, who hails from the big city of Montreal, where he used to push a pen for the Bell Telephone Co.

Sgt. Bangay, also from the Piddle D. G.'s, went overseas in '39 and after going through all the hell that Heinie could give us in England, came back here in March of '42. Anyway, to cap it all off, he goes on a few days leave and gets himself a wife. Can you imagine?

Sgt. McEllistrum comes to us from the Christian City. He served with the 8 Recce Bn. Overseas, then was transferred up to the 31st Recce on the Pacific Coast, and now is with us in our wing. Six feet, very bashful and quiet. I said quiet, but don't get him started!

Last, but not least, is yours truly, and I think we know enough about him without adding.

Well, enough said, for the Red. Blue and Grey.

In respect to our C.O.'s ability to handle disciplinary affairs, crime is at a minimum in the wing. However, an offence by one of our N.C.O.s was brought to the attention of the Wing C.O., who immediately laid a charge against L53334 Cpl. Snowdy. The charge was laid under Sec. 40 of the Army Act. Witnesses were S/M. Maulson and Cpl. McDonell. The crime being, that he did get married and failed to invite any of his comrades to the wedding party. Cpl. Snowdy pleaded guilty to the charge and said he was sorry, also that he did not forget the boys, but if he had of asked them all to the party, he says, they would only have gotten so drunk that they wouldn't know where they were, anyway. Capt. Stewart came back with a warning that this was considered a serious crime in this wing. Also that he had a clean sheet and he didn't like to start off by dirtying it. The case was then dismissed after a wedding presentation to Cpl. Snowdy of a Ronson lighter and an identification bracelet, both of which had engraved on them, "From A-27, D. & M. Staff."

Cpl. Snowdy is the grease slinger who, along with Cpl. McDonell, throws wrenches and grease down in our north hangar.

This ends the gossip of D. & M. until the next issue, when we hope to have more—and more interesting!

SASKATOON SERVICE NOTES



The Staff of Saskatoon Vocational Training School

The Officer Commanding No. 12 Vocational Training School

Major W. H. Cuthbertson, Officer Commanding No. 12 Vocational Training School, was born at Perth, Ontario, of Scottish ancestry.

Following graduation from the University of Toronto where he received his degree in Civil Engineering, he enlisted with the Royal Engineers and served for three years with the British Expeditionary Force in France. He was promoted to Captain in the field and at the close of the war held that rank.

After the armistice he resumed his civilian profession but upon the resumption of hostilities he assisted in the formation of a Road Construction Company of the Royal Canadian Engineers in 1940. He proceeded Overseas in command of this company in April, 1941. He returned to Canada in May, 1942, and in June assumed command of No. 12 Vocational Training School at Saskatoon.

Major Cuthbertson takes an interest in all sports but as might be expected is especially interested in curling.

The Vocational Training School at Saskatoon

In writing about any phase of military activity the writer is, or should be, dominated by the principle of security. This means that much is not written that could be written and the result is all too often an anaemic-looking production that looks like something the censor dragged in. It is the intention of

the writer to describe some of the activities of the school without giving comfort and aid to the enemy or grey hairs to the General Staff.

The purpose in establishing a Training School is obvious. In these days of mechanized warfare it is imperative that fighting units have enough trained men to keep the machines of war rolling. Moreover as the individual soldier has become much more than a number it has become necessary to have a trained clerical staff. The function of the school then is to turn out trained specialist soldiers — men with the "know-how" to do a given job.

The Vocational Training School is under the command of Major W. H. Cuthbertson, who returned from England to assume command of the school last June. Captain J. A. Peters, also, recently returned from England, is the Adjutant. Other officers include Captain E. R. Graham, the unit Medical Officer, and Captain A. G. Sheward, former Adjutant of Dundurn Training Area. Instruction is given for electricians, carpenters, motor mechanics, driver mechanics, fitters, blacksmiths, welders and clerks. Plans are being made for the opening of a cooking school in January. The instructors are all experts in their line.

The unit is fortunate in having attached as C.L.W.S. Supervisor, Harry T. Pizze, who spares no effort in ensuring that the soldiers' sports and entertainment wants are well looked after. It is a rare night that this Saskatoon "Ziegfeld"

doesn't have an entertainment of some kind featured, either at the Legion Hut or the Recreation Hall.

Although, as is to be expected the soldiers spend most of their duty hours in the classroom or shop, provision is made to keep the fact that they are still in the army uppermost in their minds. A corps of tough, trained N.C.O.s make it their personal duty to ensure that the men realize that they are attending a military course of instruction and not public school. In fact, after one parade one of the boys was heard to remark, "Home was never like this!"

However, the men are seldom heard to complain, possibly because they realize that what they are learning will not only make more efficient soldiers out of them but will also serve as a valuable basis for a future trade in civilian life. No time is wasted with "lead swingers." If a man is lazy he is simply packed up and sent back to his unit or training centre.

At present the school is not being operated at full capacity but new classes are expected shortly to replace those who have just finished courses. It may be assumed that the value of such training schools is now being fully recognized.

Saskatoon C.W.A.C.'s

The Saskatoon Detachment of the Canadian Women's Army Corps is No. 3 Platoon of 21 Company, C.W.A.C., with headquarters at Dundurn Camp, Sask.

(Continued on next page)

BEST WISHES TO
RECCE

and to All Ranks

Heartiest

Christmas

Greetings

THE GEM CAFE

Spare and Share Gasoline For Victory — Ride the Street Cars

In this platoon there is one officer and one N.C.O. who look after the administration and keep discipline. Any recruits wishing to join the C.W.A.C. are documented at the Orderly Room and arrangements are made with the Saskatoon Military Hospital for medical examinations. Recruits are then sent to Regina and thence for their basic training to Vermilion, Alta.

Until now, the C.W.A.C. personnel have been out on subsistence, but on December 1, 1942, all personnel stationed in Saskatoon, moved into barracks at 217 Saskatchewan Crescent West. The girls will be rationed and quartered in this building, which is a very beautiful house. There is a recreation room with table tennis and dart board and the front room has a huge fireplace. The girls all have "double-decker" beds, but it will be more like home than barracks in the general sense of the word.

Recreation consists of skating, bowling, unit dances, and accepting invitations to attend different functions put on for the forces by service clubs in Saskatoon. In summer, we believe that some of the time allotted for recreation will be spent in planting the garden around the new barracks. The idea seems to appeal to the girls very much.

The above paragraphs have been dealing with the C.W.A.C. personnel stationed here, but we also have transient personnel attending Trade School. Their course consists of learning about military law, writing army letters, lectures on K.R. Can., also typing and shorthand. The classes are from 1500 hours until 2100 hours, but all personnel must be in at 2300 hours unless on special pass.

Church parade is held every Sunday, at which all C.W.A.C. personnel attend, with the exception of those on duty or leave. We can honestly say the personnel here are quite happy in the service!

Notes From Trained Soldier Squadron

The T.S.S. serves both as a reception and departure centre for the camp. Either one means "work." Under the able direction of Captain Carmichael and his able assistants, Mr. Brown and Sgt/Major Kennedy, the unpolished diamonds are rubbed

up at two different periods of their stay in camp.

No one in camp, that is, no one in camp who has passed through the portals of T.S.S., will ever lose their mastery of the intricate manoeuvres necessary to accomplish the following objectives, such as out-flanking a coal pile, infiltration of the garbage dump, reconnaissance in force of the mess sinks, unarmed combat with the broom and mop and various other highly technical subjects of matters military.

Just so the new arrival will not lose entirely his knowledge of the dangers of civilian life, he is given brush-up practice on how to march down a street without allowing his shoulders to sag, how to make a right or left turn without endangering the pedestrian traffic and also lessons on "How to win friends and influence people, especially those who wear the stars and crowns on their epaulets." After this he is turned over to the various wings and is lost, for a period of several weeks, from the happy spot he knows as home.

To make up for the terrific amount of abuse he had to take while making his way through the various wings, he is brought back to T.S.S. to take the rest cure before proceeding on draft. This rest cure, for the most part under the kind and fatherly eyes of Sgt. Bosnich, is a guaranteed cure-all. If it doesn't kill you—no member of the Axis will—so you have nothing to lose. Everything is taken at a very leisurely pace and heaven help the man who is caught walking when he could be running. Yes, absolutely, no over-exertion is allowed. Your course is made up something like this: Daily you are given training in calisthenics, controlled running, unarmed combat, bayonet fighting and as you are by this time so full of energy, they finish the day with a jaunt over the assault course to insure that sleep will come without effort. By the time you roll around to Friday of the first week, you are asked to do a leisurely march of 10 miles with full battle order at the snail's pace of seven miles per hour. Strictly a canter.

By the second week you are hardening up (that is, if you aren't in the hospital ward) and a little strenuous effort is requested, such as diving into ditches when some person,

mistaking you for a prairie chicken, lets a slug of hot lead slide over your noggin, or some thoughtless instructor carelessly drops a thunderflash under your britches. Things like these and the tactical schemes, where you find out all about Mother Nature, go far to making this course a real joy. From this you go on to a phase of training that makes one think that eventually one will see action. Just in case a hostile aircraft attacks you, you are given practice in trap-shooting and also firing at hydrogen balloons. During this time you are given lectures on how to clean out a hostile house or village without the aid of a broom.

All in all, the T.S.S. serves a mighty important function in this camp, and all kidding aside, when you have passed through the hands of the capable officers and instructors in this wing, you have learned and learned well your basic fundamental in the art of war—you're a fighter and a good one!

R.C.O.C. News

By Sgt. W. A. Hunter

The usual way to start a column like this is to tell all about the officer commanding, or officer in charge. We are going to do that much in the usual way, but try to do it a little differently. Rather than interview him, we have tried to give you a picture of the Camp Ordnance Officer as "others see him."

Lieut E. B. Sims, R.C.O.C., has been in Dundurn Training Area as Camp Ordnance Officer for about three and a half months. During that time the men in his detachment have enjoyed working for him and with him—in fact, they think he is a pretty swell officer. It really is worth a lot to know that your officer will back you up when you are right, no matter who may say you are not.

Mr. Sims' home is in Sherbrooke, Ont., although at present Mrs. Sims is living in Saskatoon. (There is no Sims junior). He spent some time in Newfoundland (Army), so if any of you should see him walking happily to work or to the magazines on a cold, wintry day, as he often does, you will know where he got used to stormy weather.

He enjoys a chat and a joke, and has that happy knack of being able to mix with his men without letting

SASKATOON STREET CARS AND BUSES ARE SAFE AND WARM

familiarity spoil the atmosphere. That's the social side as far as we are concerned. But on the business side—well, that's just about the only word to explain it: business. (Take note, you quartermasters). Mr. Sims likes to see things done quickly and well; but—happy day—he does not worry about things that are unimportant, and so does not unnecessarily use that dear little sentence, “you better all come back to work tonight” which is the stone in a soldier's shoe, so to speak.

Some people seem to be able to think up fancy names for the head of their column. Our imagination is not working so good today, but even if it was there really is no better head for a column than the good old letters “R.C.O.C.” That little bit of information is published for the special benefit of the R.C.E., R.C.A.M.C., C.D.C., R.C.A.S.C., and anyone else who cares to argue about it

It may seem to some fellows in a large unit or training centre that a detachment like our R.C.O.C. lives a rather comfortably settled life in comparison to their lives of moving here, there, and everywhere else in Canada. But here's something for them to think about. With an average of about 25 men, this detachment has seen nearly 200 different ordnance men in camp in the last two years. That means a complete turnover about every three months. Is there any training centre that can match such a record?

Questions for special attention of personnel in our detachment. You supply the answers, men:

1. What is the relation, if any, between a hockey puck and a bucking broncho?
2. How can a guy expect to make a good impression on his “sugar” if he falls asleep in church, right in front of the whole family?
3. What did I do with those blankets?

We want to impress on everybody in general just how important a service ordnance really is? Maybe this will start an argument, but the well informed soldier will agree. Ordnance has the job of supplying anything from a pair of shoe laces to a Ram tank—and believe me, brethren, that is some territory. Then when we get it issued, and you guys bust it up, we have to fix it. So take good care of us, please!

G.M.T. Weapons Wings Notes

Perhaps we'd better protect ourselves on this first column by mentioning, in the usual manner, that “any reference or similarity to persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.” Now, at least, you won't be able to sue us for what we have to say.

First item on our list concerns that beloved by all troopers, a Sergeant. When R-19 members were informed that regular P.T. would be done away with and an hour of sports would take its place, most joyous was the cry that arose. Skiing got a particularly large turn-out—and this is where our story begins. It seems that this particular Sergeant is in charge of the skis, and remained behind while the crowd departed for the first afternoon's skiing. Upon their return, just a little late for supper, they found a wrathful and hungry Sergeant waiting to check in the skis—and that was the last hour of skiing for R-19. Next day, when we went for a controlled run instead, we were told that, “it had been decided,” whereas, and what for—; but something tells us that Sergeants don't like to be late for their supper.

Frankie Hamilton, the fast-moving, ever-talking, colored lad in R-19, has been the toast of the group since he returned from Saskatoon the other week proudly flourishing a silver cup. Quite a boxer, Frankie. Good luck to you!

What with all the indecision that exists over Christmas leaves, the flutter of time-tables can be heard in almost every hut in G.M.T. and Weapons. One particular lad has it figured out—he's from the republic of Toronto, by the way—that he'll spend three of his five days leave at home. Some relative of Houdini, perhaps?

There's quite a cosmopolitan crowd in our wing these days, with fellows from the Maritimes and fellows from B.C. And of course, there are the inevitable, interminable arguments. One lad from Crow's Nest Pass is an ardent supporter of the West, but is strongly opposed by superior numbers of the Easterners. One of the latter, however, almost upset the applecart by proclaiming
(Continued on next page)

SEASON'S GREETINGS

To All Readers Of
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Xmas Greetings

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HAVE A TALK WITH TROTTER!

the beauty of the Rockies, and the score now stands 1-0 for the West. Never mind, lads, it's all part of Canada and it must all be good.

We have a new species of N.C.O. for your inspection, gentlemen. This species will be known as part-time Corporals. It seems there's a chap whose tunic still shows the marks of stripes that he had in basic training, and apparently he hasn't had time even to take the stripes off his other jacket. The amazing thing is that he invariably happens to be in the plain (trooper's) tunic during parades, but when the mess call blows, the stripes appear out of nowhere! Well, you can "fool all of the troopers some of the time, and some of the troopers all of the time" but—

It took the G.M.T. lecturers quite a while to discover that their classes included one trooper who was totally unable to understand English. He and his interpreter, previously appointed to explain things to him, were the butt of one lecturer's best disciplinary measure designed to curb back-of-the-room chatter, but the lecturer's face was the more red when he discovered his error—and not every Sergeant has the courage to make a public apology such as we heard on that occasion.

Now we've run short of material for this column—and we want more and better material for the next issue. Just look up your wing correspondent and tell him your item. If you don't know who he is—don't worry about it—the fact (or the correspondent) will undoubtedly be dragged into the open shortly after this appears in print.

SPORT SHOTS

By H. MacIntosh, R.C.O.C.

About 75 young hockey players skated, body checked, back checked, and did practically every thing but turn handsprings, Tuesday night at Dundurn Camp's K.C. rink. Every turn and every move made by every man was carefully watched by the one-time Saskatchewan League star, Lieut. Art Sihvon. The demonstration put on by this group of hopefuls proved to hockey fans the fact that Dundurn would not go short for hockey entertainment this winter.

Sihvon paced the boys around the rink for over two hours and when the final summary was made, he was more than a little pleased with the evening's findings. The work-out turned up several prospects who

have played a lot of organized hockey in the past and Dundurn should turn out a team that can hold their own with the best of them.

Probably the most outstanding of Mr. Sihvon's discoveries are Elliott, Hantock, Ruddling, Trobridge and Morgan. Elliott is with the 30th Reconnaissance Bn. and is an ex-member of the Oshawa Generals Junior Champions. Ruddling is also from the 30th Recces. Hantock hails from Camrose, Alta. Trobridge of the hospital staff and Morgan from A-27, have both played in some pretty fast company and undoubtedly will give a good account of themselves.

It is a little early to make any predictions as to what the Dundurn pucksters will do when they run into the Saskatoon Navy and Air Force teams in their inter-services games this season, but with four teams each from the A27 Armoured Corps and the 30th Recce Bn., and one from Headquarters competing in a local camp schedule, there should be plenty of good hockey material available. The fact that Slim Holdaway, the well-known coach of several champion senior amateur teams, will also be in there showing the boys at Dundurn his bag of tricks, should also be a great contributing factor to the success of hockey in Dundurn.

The town of Dundurn has been very generous in offering the use of the rink there to the Camp for all home games. This sounds like a pretty fair idea and one that the officials would do well to look into.

* * *

With the inter-services basketball league,—comprised of three teams from the R.C.A.F. and one from the Royal Canadian Navy, Saskatoon, and one each from the 30th Recce Bn. and the A-27 Armoured Corps, Dundurn,—getting away to a fine start, and with the A-27 Squad taking the long count in the opener at Dundurn's Recreation Hall, Tuesday night. A-27's team was sparked by the lanky Jimmy Stark, former Eastern American cage star. Stark was sensational at jumping centre and proved very deadly around the basket. Kantaras also shone for the winners as did Clark and Mackie.

The game was fast and hard fought and at the third quarter it looked as if the decision might go either way. With the score tied at 22 all, the A-27 displayed a burst of power which netted them 10 baskets to the Recce's two in the last frame.

Ridull and Holmes were the leading scorers for the Recces netting six points apiece.

Lt. Marshall and Pte. Borsky were the referees and often were kept busy holding the teams to regulation play.

Undoubtedly the Air Force and Navy teams are going to have to play pretty fair basketball to stay in the running with the two Army entries, and from all reports some very good games are in the offing.

In the Camp League four Reconnaissance teams, four A-27 Armoured Corps teams, and a fast squad from the Dundurn Military Hospital, are battling it out for local honors in a heavy schedule which calls for a game nearly every night. All in all, basketball at Dundurn is and will play a pretty important part in the Camp sports program this season, and a great big bouquet is due to Sgt/Major J. F. Graham for the good work and effort he has put into promoting the game at Dundurn.

HUMOUR

INSURANCE

A young man was called upon to fill out an insurance application which asked the cause of his father's death. Unfortunately, his father had been hanged for murder. At first the young man thought he could escape embarrassment and yet comply with the truth by answering, "While talking to a priest, he fell into a trap." Fearful lest his ambiguity might be solved, he put down instead, "While attending a public function, the platform collapsed under him."—Louis Nizer, "Thinking on Your Feet."

* * *

DISSIPATION

When the other fellow looks that way, its because he is dissipated. But when you look that way, it's because your run down.

* * *

EDUCATION

Of course universities are full of knowledge. The freshmen bring a little in and the seniors take none away, and knowledge accumulates.

* * *

CONSCIENCE

A New England conscience doesn't keep you from doing anything, it just keeps you from enjoying it.—Mendell.

* * *

Conscience—the inner voice which warns us that someone may be looking.—H. L. Mencken.

DUNDURN C.W.A.C's

By L/Cpl. H. Goodman

The Canadian Women's Army Corps was authorized by an Order in Council, August 13, '41, as an official body of women whose roll would be that of replacing soldiers in non-combatant duties.

In their trim khaki uniforms, distributed among all the units to release men for active service, they are doing their job well and without complaint, impersonating the very woman whose crest they bear on their shining buttons. Athene's—all of them—Athene being the goddess of war and wisdom in Greek mythology.

Promotions in the C.W.A.C. are made on the basis of merit. Officers come up from the ranks, and here I would like to mention a few of these officers, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Coulter, and Miss Fearnley—these three, comprising the official staff at Dundurn, and also Miss Bolster of Saskatoon, and Miss Hair of Prince Albert.

As in other units of the Canadian Army, C.W.A.C. personnel is usually billeted in very comfortable barracks, living is simple but there is by no means any lack of home atmosphere. Circumstances being such in some centres where barracks are not provided, some personnel are permitted to live at home, or board out as it were, and a subsistence allowance is provided for this purpose. Rations in the Canadian Army are proverbially excellent. The C.W.A.C. receives exactly the same rations as do the other units of the Army. How about A-27 and Headquarter's Sub-staff messes, girls?

Organized sports play a vital part in the program of the C.W.A.C., baseball, basketball, hockey and such sports are played wherever facilities permit, and often where facilities do not permit they are created. How about it, Markham? The C.W.A.C. also find huge enjoyment in card games, such as the very fine tournament they have started over at the Y.W.C.A. Hostess Hut. Nor must we forget the enjoyable dances provided weekly for our personnel. All these pastimes go to help make life worth living.

The Keyhole Column

I wonder where a certain little girl named Sundry spent her day off with such a big cheque?

Know who we go to when we have an awful bad cold and we are coughin' sumpin' turrible, and we just want to make a nuisance of ourselves? Why, "Mama" Sgt/Major Farrell, of course!

There is a certain corner in the barracks that provides a considerable amount of amusement when the sounds of snorting, snoring, giggling and the aroma of tea brewing, or is it just trouble? Tsk! Tsk! Army!

Reveille comes early in the C.W.A.C. Lo! Dundurn awakens with such frantic haste and signs of great activity in the wash-room. I wonder who those noisy girls could be?

Girls—when a guy realizes what a drip he's been, it's too late to fix the faucet. (Guess who?).

Did I hear someone say ice cream? Wednesday seems to be our lucky day, and oh, boy! watch everybody come to the mess that day!

That's all for this number, gals!

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THE BACK PAGE

Almost any magazine you pick up these days, has some column or two of material that seems to have been thrown together at the last minute, and after due consideration we know why. Since the night, just over three weeks ago, when this magazine first started struggling towards the light of publication day, ye editor has been spinning like a Christmas top; and having a column both at the front and back of the magazine, allows one to have not only the first say, but also the last. As we finally tuck this edition to press we are conscious of many things that we haven't done and others that we didn't have room to do, and so let this be, first, an apology for those matters that we have overlooked, and second, a promise that they will be taken care of in subsequent issues.

I think that there are several bouquets to be handed out and as they say there is no time like the present, here they are: To our C.O., for his interest and help, the staff of the magazine owes a debt of gratitude. To all the officers in the A-27 Orderly Room, who provided the ways and means for the editor to get the material to the printer, we say thanks! To Captain Carmichael, my O.C., many thanks for the time he allowed me to gather and edit the material; and to the O.C.'s of the various wings throughout the camp, for their interest and help, without which we couldn't have possibly produced a magazine—we say, thanks!

Now to speak a word in behalf of the staff of the magazine: Major Rose of the C.D.C., our publisher, who can run a meeting with less frills than any chairman we have ever worked with; 2/Lt. Rousseau, our demon advertising manager, who certainly did a top-notch job—me-thinks he must have spoken to some of the advertisers in French, for his speed was terrific; Managing Editor, 2/Lt. F. W. Price, whose help in setting up our organization was most important; Tpr. H. Lash who typed his fingers down to the joints so that we could save a few dollars in the production of the book, plus the articles he wrote for the issue itself; mention should also be made of Pte. MacIntosh, our Sports Editor, who gave up much of his free time to collect and write the sports page; also Sgt. Hunter, our Treasurer, who has lost that hungry look since the advertising monies have started to

come in; and last, but by no means least, S/Sgt. Green, our Circulation man—to him we pass the torch, in other words, “we make them—you sell them.” It was also a pleasure to have L/Cpl. Goodman of the “quacks” on our staff and her work in setting up the editorial basis for the “quack’s” column, both here and in Saskatoon, was most helpful. To all of these people the Editor owes a debt of gratitude and all we can say is “thanks!”

We had intended having a column devoted to letters from people in the camp itself, but due to the lack of them we are forced to get by without it for this issue. Undoubtedly there will be enough letters of protest after this issue hits the news-stands to make more than one column. We also intended running a page of “snaps” but here again “no dice.” To make this page of snaps idea more attractive we are considering running a contest with a cash prize to the winners. Surely this will entice some of our photographers out into the open!

We must not forget to mention the courtesy extended to us by the Area Sgt/Major, for letting us use the facilities of the Area Headquarters, nor of the kindness of Capt. Bowles of the Wireless Wing who kindly let us use his typewriter and also gave ye editor a room where “he could be alone.”

The basic photograph used in producing the front cover was taken by Lieut. L. B. Graham and to him a vote of thanks for allowing us to use it.

To everyone who reads this, the first issue of “Recce,” we ask two favours: One, that you overlook our errors and omissions, and second, that you give your whole-hearted support to the furtherance of your magazine. Again, to all who so generously helped us we say “thanks” and look forward to your continued support.

WHOSE WAR IS THIS?

By 2/Lt. M. Rousseau

When Canadian soldiers fought their way across the beaches of Dieppe last summer, they weren't worrying whether the regiment to the right or left was French-Canadian or English-Canadian. All they

knew and all they wanted to know was that the boys next to them were rough, tough soldiers, ready to fight till they dropped.

In that scrap they were all Canadians and they had only one purpose—to beat hell out of the Nazis. They did the job they were sent to do and they came back—some of them came back—and went on with their training. As far as we know there has never been any argument about who fought better—French or English Canadians. Every man-jack gave his best and gave it for Canada.

And that's the way it ought to be, too. We're all in this scrap together—Canadians of French, English, Indian, Ukrainian, Dutch, Russian extraction and a score of other kinds. But we're all Canadians and we fight shoulder to shoulder with Britons, Scots, Yanks, Russians, Poles, Chinese, Aussies and people of all the other United Nations. Men of every color, race and creed are on our side.

Maybe we don't like people who eat with chop sticks or wear turbans or mutter strange oaths when they're mad. Well, what have we got to show that they think we're the answer to a maiden's prayer? It would be a bloody fine way to lose a war if we sat down and argued about what we liked and didn't like, now wouldn't it? And we don't. We just step in and slug wherever there is an opening without worrying about who's punching the enemy half way round the world.

Some people in Canada don't seem to have learned that lesson yet. There are some on each side of the Ottawa river who appear much happier plotting little triumphs over their fellow Canadians than working for a real victory over Hitler and his gang. The few who play this petty game for purposes best known to themselves haven't yet been able to do very much damage to Canada's war effort.

That's chiefly because the Canadian people have too much common sense. They know this war must be won or the lives of either French or English Canadians won't be worth living. The boys in the Fusiliers Mont-Royal knew it. The boys in the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders from Winnipeg also knew it. So did all those other soldiers, sailors and airmen who fought at Dieppe. Let's keep it that way!

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